

XVI 4 Feb. 1905

The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE

Newberg, Oregon

PUBLISHED BY

The Crescent Society.

FEBRUARY, 1905

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I AM GOING DOWN TO

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What for?

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ON SHORT NOTICE.

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C. B. WILSON.

THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVI.

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A Sunbeam on the Sea.

Some years ago there lived in one of the coast districts of Norway a poor woman whose husband had just died, leaving her with a family of five, the smallest a mere babe and the eldest only twelve.

After struggling hard for some months to provide for her family, the woman succeeded in selling the little farm, which brought enough to pay a steerage passage to the promised land—America.

There arose the question as to what could be done with the small children, for it would of course be necessary for the mother to work in the new country. After much consideration it was decided that the widow should take all the children except the baby, which should be cared for by an aunt until the mother should earn enough to send for it. How reluctantly the mother submitted to what seemed the best and only way for her baby and how pitiful was the parting! So the farewells were said in tears but in bright hopes of prosperous times in the great America, where they should be reunited never to part.

Six years later the great Cunard liner *Lucania* is majestically plowing its homeward way across the broad Atlantic. It is at the end of the summer season, "almost time for the September gales," as a passenger remarked on embarking, and the huge steamer is well loaded with as great a variety of people as one usually sees.

Over on first-class deck are lounging in their rich rugs the wealthy class—America's aristocracy. They went over to the coronation in June, spent the summer at a watering place or possibly traveled on the continent, and are now

returning to take up their social duties in their home city.

On second-class promenade are the common people who have saved enough to take them for a visit to good old England or Ireland. Then, too, there are the students and teachers, enjoying a hard-earned pleasure trip; they have traveled, learned, taken notes, studied languages and Badeker in turn. In fact, they have improved every moment of their stay abroad, and now feel themselves broadened, though perhaps loth to take up the sordid, every-day life at home again.

And yet they all seem worn out, indifferent, as if home were the only place in all the world for them now. The summer is all a dream; no more sightseeing, no more travel, just home, sweet home is all to which they aspire.

Perhaps the most interesting group, and by far the largest on the boat, is the crowd of steerage passengers, a motley array of many nationalities. There are the swarthy Italians and Turks; the jolly Germans, fresh from the Vaterland; fair-haired Scandinavian peasants, simple and rude in dress and manners; and then there are the ever-present Irish, the witty, jovial set from the Emerald Isle.

Occasionally a curious first-class passenger ventures to lower deck, ostensibly to avail himself of the promenade the entire length of the vessel, but really to study the various classes of people there. One especially, a kind-faced man of perhaps fifty-five, takes frequent strolls here and seems much interested in the Scandinavians.

Skipping about like a sunbeam, here, there and everywhere, is the dearest little girl with flaxen curls, rosy cheeks and blue, blue eyes like the sea. What a happy, light-hearted, little creature she is, smiling at every one as if desiring to become friends with all.

Once the kind gentleman, who had been watching her dancing about, went up to her as she stopped a minute at the railing and stood gazing out over the water. "Hello,

little girl, what's your name now, anyway?" And he put his hand on her shoulder and looked down at her so kindly that she felt at once that he was all right. Her blue eyes glanced up at him with a puzzled expression, then she shook her curls and uttered a few words in Norwegian. And how surprised the child was when the nice man answered her in her own tongue. Then they were fast friends.

He learned that her name was Arnfrid, "though," the child added, "at home they call me always Salstraale," and that the eighteen-year-old girl in the hatchway was her sister. "Salstraale" (which in English is Sunbeam), "a significant and appropriate name," he mused.

"Come and take a walk with me, won't you, up on our deck?" he said to her one day. "Wouldn't you like to see the people in our part of the world? You know this big steamer is just a floating city; you live down here in the business part and we live up in the residence portion."

Up on salon deck the dreamy tourists rouse their languid heads to observe the pretty, laughing child in homespun, led along by one of their number, the popular Mr. Andersen. Back and forth they promenade, laughing and chatting together in a language unknown to the others. Some of the ladies wish to make her acquaintance and ask her name when she wanders near, but she only gives her yellow curls a vigorous shake and runs away toward her new friend. She makes frequent visits to salon deck, where, because of her dancing eyes and ebullient spirits, she gains the name Sunbeam. She brightens every one who sees her and becomes a general favorite.

The first three days out from Liverpool had been ideal, bright and quiet. There was, indeed, a gentle swell on the bosom of old ocean, just enough to be enjoyed by good sailors, but also enough to send a few of the less brave below deck until they became accustomed to it.

On the evening of the third day out, our two friends, the stylishly clad, strong man and the golden-curled child in homespun, stood on the captain's bridge watching a magnificent sunset, such as can be seen only on the sea. Out in the west the sun, sinking from behind some gorgeously tinted clouds, lingered a moment for a farewell dazzle and dropped into the sea.

"I like sunsets when they're so beautiful, don't you?" inquired the child, "because where the dark purple clouds with gold edges open to let the sun through, I see right into heaven, don't you, through the golden gates? Is America most as grand as heaven?"

Just then the captain came up. "Admiring the sunset, eh? Well, however beautiful, it forebodes ill. We sailors know that red sunset means storm. Mark my word, you'll all stay below tomorrow."

And he knew of what he spoke, for the next morning the passengers were rudely awakened to find the great ocean greyhound tossing about on the waves like a plaything. For two days the steamer rolled and pitched about, reeled to and fro, groaned and creaked as it was wrenched in every joint, and made little headway; and for two days the stewards were kept busy waiting on suffering humanity, who grasped the edges of their berths and sent pathetic moans heavenward. A September gale had struck them and lashed the dark water into giant waves like mountains, on whose crest the steamer now poised, over-balances, gives a frightful plunge into the deep abyss and is engulfed by the billows.

Sunbeam was not seasick; not she. Accustomed to the sea from very infancy, she regarded it as her dearest friend and loved its varied moods, though often tempestuous; she revelled in the strong wind and foamy billows.

On the evening of the second day, an hour before sunset, the child could wait no longer; she must see the billows

which were playing such havoc with the steamer, so she started, staggering through the corridors to reach a port-hole in the salon where she could see out. The steward across the hallway saw a smiling face framed with frowsed curls peering jauntily at him as she stopped to catch her balance in the doorway. Then a lurch of the boat; the hook fastening the heavy door back loosed from its catch; a violent slam, and the steward sprang forward to find the Sunbeam pinned between the door and the casing. The ship's physician found the skull crushed, and in a short time life was extinct.

Tenderly they bore her into the salon and laid her on the velvet cushions. A faint stream of sunlight straggled through the port hole and fell directly across the golden curls and sweet face which still retained the smile.

"Sunbeam now shines in a brighter world," mumured her friend with tear-dimmed eyes.

That terrific lurch which was fatal was the last, and gradually, like a giant panting after a race, the troubled waves throbbed themselves to rest and the sea calmed.

The superstitious sailors were prevented from casting the body overboard by a petition sent by the passengers to the captain.

The sea was again at peace. A feeling of sadness hung over the entire steamer; tears stole from the eyes of the most uninterested as they saw the sweet face of the before so lively child, now cold and still, and heard the sobs of the sorrowing sister.

Twelve hours late the great liner with its trustworthy crew, drew slowly up alongside the pier labelled Cunard. There was the usual commotion on board previous to landing and the usual impatient crowd waiting on the pier.

Far down in the crowd stood a plainly dressed woman of middle age, with joyous expectancy written all over

her face.

An hour later the surging throng carried out with it a broken-hearted mother from whose life the brightest hope had fled—for the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed baby for whom she had worked and saved these long, hard years—was brought to her arms a corpse.

M. H., '06.

Basket Ball.

DAYTON PRAIRIE SCHOOL VS. PACIFIC COLLEGE.

On the evening of the 6th the first match game of basket ball was played in the college gymnasium between the Dayton Prairie school and Pacific College second team. The contest was decidedly one-sided from the first, and at no time was the final outcome in doubt. Following is the line-up and score:

Dayton Prairie.	Pacific Second.
Ross.....	g f.....
R. Stretch.....	g f.....
Rasmussen (Capt.).....	Maris (Capt.).....
D. Stretch.....	Cahill.....
Goodrich.....	Hoskins.....
Score—Dayton, 5; P. C. Second, 34. Length of halves, 15 and 20 minutes. Officials—F. K. Jones, P. C.; Prof. Grover, D.	Johnson..... Spaulding.....

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY VS. PACIFIC COLLEGE.

"Better late than never, but better never late." Thus thought the basket ball team when they arrived at the dock January 13 in time to see the boat they meant to have boarded steam 'round the bend and out of sight. Suffice it to say, that after a circuitous journey of nearly twice the river distance they arrived at the capital city ahead of the boat they missed.

The game, although not resulting favorably for us, was a good exhibition of clean basket ball. While our players doubtless would have returned home with brighter countenances had the score been reversed, they have no disposition to question the fairness of the result, for at no time

did the University men resort to foul play to gain the day. P. C. did more and better passing than her opponents, as they are willing to admit, but so thorough were Willamette's guards that seldom did a Pacific man get a throw at the basket. This, with the advantage of being on their own floor and backed by the enthusiasm of loyal students, combined to make the score look bad to us. Several fouls were called on both teams, due mainly to a third man "butting in" when there were two men at the ball. The game was characterized throughout by a spirit of fairness. Following is the line-up and score:

W. U.	Chapler
W. Pemberton (Capt.).....	f.....
Newman.....	f.....
Hodson.....	c.....
Coulson.....	g.....
Macy.....	g.....
Score—W. U., 29; P. C., 14.	L. Whipple (Capt.)
Referee—Ray Pemberton, P. C.	E. Whipple
Umpire—Ralph Matthews, W. U.	Simpson

OREGON STATE NORMAL VS. PACIFIC COLLEGE.

The second inter-collegiate basket ball game of the season was played at Monmouth between their team and Pacific College first team. The game was very even during the first half as regards score, but it was very evident that the only way the home team could make headway was by holding, which they proceeded to do to quite a degree. The score at the end of the first half stood 6 to 6.

At the very outset of the second half, the clean team work of the Pacific team, as contrasted with the rough individual playing of the Normal team, was very plain to be seen. Time and again would a Newberg forward start to run, only to find himself held by his guard, and, strange as it may seem, the Monmouth official seemed to be unable to detect fouls on his team.

At the close of the game the visiting team was given a royal reception by the joint athletic associations. After a little time was spent in the way of getting acquainted with

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the Monmouth people music was started, and marching in time to the music was enjoyed by all. A little later came the address of welcome by Prof. Ressler of the Normal School, followed by some remarkable whistling by Ray Pemberton. Light refreshments were then served and the visitors left, voting that a very pleasant time had been enjoyed. Following is the line-up and score:

O. S. N. S.	P. C.
Force.....	Macy
Stein.....	Coulson
Crowley.....	Hodson
Butler (Capt.).....	Pemberton (Capt.)
Coffey.....	Blair
Referee—R. Pemberton, P. C.	
Umpire—Thorp, O. S. N. S.	
Length of halves, 20 minutes.	
Score—O. S. N. S., 22; P. C., 11.	

State Oratorical Executive Committee Meeting.

An executive committee of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association was held in Newberg January 13th. The first session lasted from 2:45 until 6 p. m. The second session from 7:30 until 12:2 a. m. All the institutions except McMinnville College and the University of Oregon were represented, as follows: Lewis Saunders, P. C. president; G. G. Goodman, O. A. C. secretary; Chas. Skidmore, W. U. treasurer; O. H. Hickey, A. C.; W. H. Wirtz, P. U.; W. A. Petteys, O. S. N. S. Judges were chosen for the state contest to be held in Newberg March 10. It was decided that the dues from each institution for the current year should be \$5. An entirely new system of markings was submitted by Secretary Goodman, after some modification these were adopted. Composition and delivery are each to be judged on a maximum of a hundred points. These points are to be divided under four heads as follows: Composition: (1) Originality 30; (2) Subject matter 30; (3) Rhetorical excellence 20; (4) Style of treatment 20. Delivery: (1) Interpretation 35; (2) Articulation 20; (3) Gesticulation 10; (4) General effect 35. The judges will be requested to place special emphasis upon originality and to give thought subjects preference over biographical and historical subjects. A form of credentials was adopted. The secretary will forward blank forms to each school previous to the contest. The order of the speakers at the contest will be: 1, W. U.; 2, A. C.; 3, P. C.; 4, U. of O.; 5, O. A. C.; 6, O. S. N. S.; 7, McM. C.; 8, P. U.

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THE CRESCENT.

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EUNICE LEWIS, '05

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College Education: A Luxury or Necessity?

Do American students appreciate the privileges of a college education? is a question often asked. Among a large class of people a college course is considered a luxury of life—a sort of jolly winding up of the days of their youth before taking up the stern realities of life. They regard a college as a place, not necessarily for study, but essentially for enjoying themselves. They elect "snaps" that require the least application, and if they find themselves required to do some genuine studying, complain feelingly that their

college work interferes with their outside duties. But to the ambitious student who has a sense of real values, whose aspiration is starward, the opportunity to learn is a privilege which is so desired as to become a necessity. Here not only the book learning is taken into consideration, but there is the social and society life, which, if properly improved, broadens the whole life of the student; there is the invaluable inspiration which comes from mingling with men and women of high minds and noble purposes. To these students a college education is no mere luxury. It is a high privilege—a necessity to that young man or woman who is worth it.—Contributed.

Local and Personal.

Rah! Rah! Rah! '05, '06, '07 and '08. Class spirit is waxing hot.

We are glad to welcome six new students among us this term.

Miss Eunice Lewis was not in school for the first two weeks of the term.

Charles Baldwin and Rev. Cash were with us at chapel on Thursday, 19th.

Miss Pearl Bailey, a former student, visited with students here during the holidays.

The students are glad to be thought of by those outside the college. Ask Miles if the "cravat" is patented yet.

Marie Hanson and Lenora Parker entertained some of the college girls on the afternoon of the 14th at an informal tea at the latter's home.

Some of the Canyon Hall children kindly invited the members of the Crescent Society to an old-time taffy pull on the 13th. It was a decided success.

The Juniors, with trembling and quaking, met the judges for the report on Monday, 16th. Walter Miles and Mary Minthorn were chosen as the orators.

On the afternoon of the 19th the '08's, one by one, made their debut along the oratorical line and were judged as concerning their ability; Lena Spangle first.

Evangelist Jones and Rev. Stanard have visited with us during the last month. On the 11th, they led the Y. M. C. A and on the 18th, they led the Y. W. C. A.

The orators from the Senior class were chosen by judges on thought and composition. The winning orations were written by Eunice Lewis and Florence Wilson.

The Sophomores held a closed oratorical contest the 14th p. m., at which time great eloquence in oratory was displayed. Paul Maris was chosen as the Cicero of the class.

Debate work has started in earnest among the boys of the college. The team for the meet with Albany College has not yet been chosen, but it will be selected at a public debate on January 30.

The Y. W. C. A. girls have secured some very beautiful college pennants. They are selling like hot cakes and are the genuine article of old gold and navy blue. If you want a pennant, take your money around to Mary Minthorn.

The Seniors have secured class pins, thus setting the pace for others to follow. In this matter they can almost claim originality in this college, as but one former class has gotten pins. The pins present a very attractive appearance to the eyes of their under-classmen.

College Oratorical Contest.

The college local oratorical contest was held in the Friends church on Friday evening, January 27. The very interesting program was as follows:

Invocation.....	
Instrumental Duet.....	"German Triumphal March"
Prof. and Mrs. Kanther.	
Oration.....	"The New Reveille."
Paul Maris, '07.	
Oration.....	"The Faith Element in Progress."
Florence Wilson, '05.	
Oration.....	"The Philosophy of the Unattractive."
Mary Minthorn, '06.	
Violin solo.....	"Ariso."
Orland Heacock.	
Oration.....	"Time, Its Use and Abuse."
Lena Spangle, '08.	
Oration.....	"Altruism and True Progress."
Walter Miles, '06.	
Oration, :.....	"The Permanency of the Christian Faith."
Eunice Lewis, '05.	
Instrumental solo.....	"La Sonnambula."
Miss P. Dickinson.	
Decision of Judges	

First honors were won by the Junior orator, Walter Miles; Eunice Lewis received second place and Mary Minthorn third. The exercises of the evening were marked by the close attention of the audience. Among the classes seated in their respective sections of the auditorium, the before so fervent class spirit seemed to have subsided and there was little excitement manifest. Now that the local is past, we should be ready to unite in a general spirit of college enthusiasm preparatory to the state contest, which is not far distant.

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